

Antarctica 2003

Photo, Poetry & Prose Calendar

Self-portrait from a kite

Photo by Eric Muhs, Teacher Experiencing Antarctica, Amundsen-Scott South Pole Station



The 2003 Antarctic calendar

This calendar displays the creativity of some of the people working and researching at the three U.S. Antarctic stations and for the Antarctic programs during the 2002-2003 season. The photos and writing were submitted to a competition run by *The Antarctic Sun*, a National Science Foundation sponsored publication covering life and research in the Antarctic. The views expressed are not necessarily those of the NSF.

The entries were judged by past and current participants of the NSF Antarctic Artist and Writers Program, which gives writers, photographers and other artists a chance to visit the Antarctic and share their vision of the seventh continent. More information on the program can be found at: www.nsf.gov/od/opp/aawr.htm.

Additional copies of this calendar can be printed off the *Sun* Website (www.polar.org/antsun) all year. While there, read current and past issues of the *Sun*, which publishes weekly from October to early February. To contact the *Sun* at e-mail antsun@usap.gov or in McMurdo, visit the office in Building 155 or call 2407.

Photo judge:

Joan Myers is a NSF photo grantee this season. She is a fine-arts photographer with work in the Museum of Modern Art, the Center for Creative Photography, the George Eastman House, The San Francisco Museum of Modern Art and the National Gallery of Art at the Smithsonian

Fiction judge:

Lucy Jane Bledsoe was a NSF writer grantee in 1999. She has published children's novels, literary essays and short stories.

Non-fiction judge:

Gretchen Legler, PhD, was a NSF writer grantee in 1997. She is an associate professor of creative writing at the University of Maine and has published a book and numerous essays, stories and articles.

Poetry judge:

Bill Fox was a NSF writer grantee in 2001. His coming book on envisioning Antarctica: history and nature of Antarctic images will be his fifth nonfiction book on how people transform land into landscape.

Haiku judge:

Andrew McCarter, the only non-grantee judge, is currently a curriculum and assessment specialist. He worked in the waste barn of McMurdo last season and was a double winner in the writing contest.



Tom and skua silhouette with Mt. Williams Photo by Laura Hamilton, painter apprentice, Palmer Station

By James Battaglia,
McMurdo Station

Spring sun warms snow
Slumbering stream awakens
Two wood ducks dance

January 2004

Sunday	Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday	Thursday	Friday	Saturday
				1	2	3
				New Year's Day		
4	5	6	7	8	9	10
	1974 - Record Antarctic high of 59F recorded at Vanda Station					
11	12	13	14	15	16	17
						1912 - Robert Scott reaches the South Pole
18	19	20	21	22	23	24
		1957 - Amundsen-Scott South Pole Station officially opens				
25	26	27	28	29	30	31
		1820 -Thaddeus von Bellingshausen becomes the first person to see Antarctica			1774 - Capt. James Cook reaches 71.10 south	



Trash Truck 2002 or 1962?

Photo by Mark Furnish, waste operations manager, McMurdo Station

By Zac Willette,
McMurdo Station

I am Bunny Boots.
You mock me because you love
how I make you sweat.

January

Sunday	Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday	Thursday	Friday	Saturday
			1 New Year's Day	2	3	4
5 1974 - Record Antarctic high of 59F recorded at Vanda Station	6 Icestock and Chili Cook-off	7	8	9	10	11
12	13	14	15	16	17 1912 - Robert Scott reaches the South Pole	18
19	20 1957 - Amundsen-Scott South Pole Station officially opens Martin Luther King Day	21	22	23	24	25
26	27 1820 -Thaddeus von Bellingshausen becomes the first person to see Antarctica	28	29	30 1774 - Capt. James Cook reaches 71.10 south	31	

Ob Hill

By Ron Smith

Lucullan vista
crowns the height of that hill,
severed by a sword
of one word,
secret of an only sky,
commands the sun
to fall,
falter in flattened sheen
against glacial waves,
rigid ice-islands
on a blue plate,

Snow mountains teethe
through clouds
white as light,
crystal rivers empty
slowing time,
as if sea
became land,
and formed one soul,
one life,
uttering it's lone word,
within an eternal howl
of winter —
Be.



Reverie

Photo by Joe Petit, station manager, Palmer Station

December

Sunday	Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday	Thursday	Friday	Saturday
	1 1959 - Antarctic Treaty is signed	2	3	4	5	6
7	8	9	10	11	12	13
14 1911- Roald Amundsen becomes the first person to reach the South Pole	15	16	17	18 1966 - First ascent of Vinson Massif	19	20
21	22 Solstice 1956 - First Antarctic tourist flight from Chile over the peninsula	23	24 Christmas Eve	25 Christmas	26	27
28	29	30	31 New Year's Eve		Annual December events Women's Soiree Helo Party Ross Island Arts and Crafts Show Christmas Eve Party Kiwi New Year's Party	



Photo by Geoffrey Gilbert, environmental assessment, McMurdo Station

Morning, Lake Hoare, Summer 2002 By Joe Mastroianni, McMurdo Station/Dry Valleys

Light flickers through the skylight, the airborne turbine whining, downdraft thumps against the walls of the hut. In the air, the scent of toasted muffins and melted butter. A couple breakfast plates are piled beside the sink.

In the corner the radio barks, busting the temporary silence into shards of day like ice. The glaciologists are off to Commonwealth, then the Canada.

There's a creak in the heavy door when it opens, reverse refrigerator. It's a sound that becomes part of you, so you don't hear it anymore. You just know what it means. Someone walks in, tosses a hat onto the table, checks to see if there's any hot water left, and finding

none, sets some on for tea.

In front of you, granola in a melmac bowl, the kind your grandmother had. Coffee mug of orange juice. Formica table and folding chairs straight from the last church bazaar.

Someone grumbles about the helo schedule. A joke about the rocket toilet. Clear the sleep out of your throat to laugh.

Have you been drinking enough water? How many days will you wear these socks? Is the sun still rising over the house you lived as a child?

Did you ever think you'd look up one day to see the glacier face, the mass of blue ice that groans and shatters like

an upturned china cabinet?

You say, "In your life did you ever think..."

She answers, "What?" first word she's said today.

Say it's science. Say it's work. Say it's a pain.

Outside it's not wintertime Chicago, or a blustery Boston afternoon, or Paris, or Stockholm, or even Ulan Bantor.

When the door opens and the sun tears in on a Paleolithic blast of air, look around. So little of the universe is inhabitable.

And here you are.

Antarctica.

February

Sunday	Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday	Thursday	Friday	Saturday
Annual February events Final issue of Antarctic Sun Supply vessel arrives and vessel offload						1
2	3	4 1904 - Robert Scott ascends 800 ft. in a hydrogen balloon, becoming the first Antarctic aeronaut.	5	6	7	8
9	10	11	12	13	14	15
16 1900 - Carsten Borchgrevink lands on the Ross Ice Shelf. 1956 - McMurdo Station opens	17 Presidents' Day	18	19 1831 - First sighting of Antarctica in the Indian Ocean sector	20 1935 - Caroline Mikkelsen becomes the first woman to reach Antarctica	21 Valentine's Day	22 1874 - Ernest Shackleton is born
23	24	25 1965 - Original Palmer Station opens	26	27	28	



Launching XBT 's

Photo by Graham Tilbury, *LM Gould* / Palmer Station

The white of the morning
opens its empty hand,
and everywhere I go,
I am just in the center
of the world.

By Stefan Pashov, McMurdo Station

November

Sunday	Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday	Thursday	Friday	Saturday
Annual November events Thanksgiving Turkey Trot						1
2	3	4	5	6	7	8
9	10	11	12	13	14	15
		Veterans Day				
16	17	18	19	20	21	22
23	24	25	26	27	28	29
30				Thanksgiving	1929 - Richard Byrd and three others successfully fly over the South Pole	

Revolt

By Rebecca Glover

Penguins! With uzis! The noted Principle Investigator raised his head from his knees and risked a glance at the sentry standing next to the orange mesh fence. With an angry squawk, the penguin leveled his weapon in their direction and opened fire. Bullets drilled a line of holes across the Jamesway above the humans’ heads, showering them with wood chips. The noise was deafening, but when it ended, the PI heard something even worse: the nasty, high-pitched cackle of penguin laughter. The PI buried his head in the huddle of red-coated humans. Someone sobbed in fear. Probably the camp cook, Kelly. The sound brought another blast of gunfire, another shower of splinters.

Don’t call attention to yourself! That had become his mantra. MacOps would send someone to check on them, eventually. Their radio check was hours overdue. Through his fingers, the PI watched their leader hand his Uzi to a subordinate and waddle toward him. A small foot landed a heavy blow on his shoulder, spinning him onto his back. Their leader stared down at him with glittering penguin eyes—cold eyes. He had never noticed how cold their eyes were. He clamped his hands tightly over his own eyes to blot out those cold, dark eyes.

Suddenly, a blade of a beak thrust into his mouth. He felt a rasped tongue slide over his own smooth tongue, then a lumpy mass of warm liquid filled his mouth. *Vomit! Penguin vomit!* The PI twisted to one side and retched the pink liquid onto the sea ice while their leader threw his head back, brayed, and pumped his wings in the classic ecstatic display.

Screw the graduate students! Every man for himself! The PI scrambled to his feet and ran for the fence. He almost made it.



Retiring Old Glory Photo by Douglas Ruuska, met. tech.,Onset D Field Camp

March

Sunday	Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday	Thursday	Friday	Saturday
Annual March events Final sunset St. Patty’s Day Party						1
2	3	4	5	6	7	8 1912 - Amundsen telegrams that he reached the South Pole
9	10	11	12	13	14	15
16	17 2000 - B15, the largest iceberg on record, breaks off the Ross Ice Shelf	18	19	20 Equinox sunset at the South Pole	21	22
23 30	24 31	25	26	27	28	29



Moon over the Royal Society Range

Photo by William Servais, dentist, McMurdo Station

The longest night

By Judy Spanberger, South Pole

The sun set March 20th. We watched out the windows of the new station as the giant yolk, sitting on its vast white, sank lower and lower - a radioactive egg glowing sunny-side up. The clouds were pink around the edges as they nestled in the darkening blue, like a Georgia O'Keefe painting. A month later it's as though we've never seen the sun at all.

It's much colder - minus 80 or below. Breathing is like sucking in baby bee stings. Everything fogs up and I find it easiest to get around without glasses or goggles. I pull my hat low and my neck

gaiter up to my eyes, leaving a slit to see. I fall down from time to time, but since I never know it's coming I don't tense up and seem to bounce. Wearing 50 pounds of clothing helps.

Sometimes this life seems so incredibly difficult and I want to shake my fist at the Gods. And it all snowballs into bigger questions of life and pain and hunger in the world, and children born into unloving situations and mean people and, and, and...

And what could I possibly do about it all from here? Then I sit on my knees and weep, tears freez-

ing to my lashes.

More often I walk to the storage berms or milvans and wonder how lucky I am to be here. We see Auroras now almost daily - sometimes a broad sweep of God's paintbrush or curling up like the smoke off a giant cigar and shimmering high in the heavens. Other times they drip down like animated chandelier crystals. They seem to dip low enough to reach up and grab one. If I could grasp one would I touch the face of this southern God who challenges me so?

October

Sunday	Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday	Thursday	Friday	Saturday
Annual October events Mainbody begins First issue of The Antarctic Sun Halloween Party			1	2	3	4
5	6	7	8	9	10	11
12	13	14	15	16	17	18
	Columbus Day					
19	20	21	22	23	24	25
26	27	28	29	30	31	
	1915 - The <i>Endurance</i> is abandoned				Halloween	



Halloween sunlight Photo by Zac Willette, general assistant, McMurdo Station

The Urn-maker’s Sun By Karen Joyce, McMurdo Station

I was born in Etrusca where my father was an urn-maker. My family was not well off, but we always had enough millet to last the winter. Except of course for the Insect Year, when all the villages starved. I especially remember one afternoon that summer. We were playing down by the river when my friend Abda spotted a fish caught in an eddy.

“Idyah!” he cried. “It is mine!” We all splashed into the water together, grabbing at the fish and pulling each other down. The fish sparkled in the sunlight before disappearing into a hole. We dove after it and as we gave chase, it

led us to an underwater tunnel. Swimming along, we soon came to a cavern where djinis in odd stockings were working at anvils. We ducked behind a rock, but they spotted us nevertheless.

“Come out, boys!” they shouted. “Do not be afraid! We will grant each of you one wish!”

Abda stood up first, his voice shaking. “Ndotis, if you please, I would like our village urns to be filled with millet!”

“Granted!” cried the djinis.

Urguk went next. “Ndotis, my family would be grateful for a herd of fat sheep!”

“Granted!” cried the djinis.

Then it was my turn. “Ndotis, I would beg to become a Dining Room Attendant at McMurdo Station, Antarctica!”

“Granted!” they cried again.

And so, my friend, this is how I came to find myself here, scrubbing at the sides of these pans with yourself. But now I must also ask from what place is *your* origin? Ah, Denvercolorado! I do not know it, but to judge by your belly it must be a magnificent village, urns overflowing with millet! Oh, with Arbeez, you say? Well, I am sure it is most delicious!

April

Sunday	Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday	Thursday	Friday	Saturday
		1	2	3	4	5
6	7	8	9 <div>1916 - Shackleton launches three lifeboats for voyage to Elephant Island</div>	10	11	12
13	14	15 <div>1916 - Shackleton and his men land on Elephant Island Tax day</div>	16	17	18 <div>Good Friday</div>	19
20 <div>Easter</div>	21	22	23	24 <div>1916 - The James Caird sets sail for South Georgia Island.</div>	25	26
27	28	29	30	Annual April events RPSC Job Fair		



Flags on the Castle Rock Trail

Photo by Robbie Liben, senior computer technician, McMurdo Station

By Karen Joyce, McMurdo Station

Wind strums McMurdo
Volcano island music
Phone wires are singing

September

Sunday	Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday	Thursday	Friday	Saturday
	1 Labor Day	2	3	4	5	6
7	8	9	10	11	12	13
14	15	16	17 1921 - Shackleton departs on the Quest on his fourth expedition to Antarctica	18	19	20
21	22	23 Equinox	24	25	26	27
28	29	30			Annual September Events Flag tying party Welcome Winfly party	



Bar ice

Photo by Cara Sucher, sr. asst. supv. for laboratory operations, Palmer Station

Ice blinks

By Susan Monroe, McMurdo Station

Diane died. I ran. South for the winter, where it is actually summer — an Austral Summer, a Polar Summer — one long summer day in Antarctica.

Stepping off the C-141 plane onto the ice runway, I waddle, over-stuffed in the downy insulation, neck craning to take it all in. Everything is new, everything is different. That’s the point, isn’t it? I’ve left behind a husband of 33 years, grown sons, my life in suburbia.

I think about Diane. Is this all she would have needed to save herself? Detective Boatright chronicled the books in Diane’s backpack the day she died: *Scared Life*,

The Reluctant Shaman, *Life on the Path*. She was striving, as I am. We lived remarkably parallel lives.

A passage in Worsley’s *Endurance* describes how early Antarctic sailors searched the clouds for iceblinks. Glaring white reflections on the underside of clouds indicated pack ice. Darker lanes pointed to open water and a way out. Diane desperately needed an iceblink, a way to chart a course out of the pack ice of her past.

She possessed an innate ability to see motives not readily apparent to others. This sort of ability in mid-life can cripple. She sensed being overlooked, dismissed.

Accomplishments shrouded in the cloak of middle age.

Two shots were fired in the house at chest level – as if she were aiming at something or someone. The third shot was fired in the yard. A shot gun blast to her chest. Gun held an arm length away.

This place where the sun runs seamless circuits above the horizon, where unseen forces trick the eye with inverted images and splash sun dogs on the horizon...this place of myth and heroic acts ...this place of isolation and refuge...this place could have saved you, Diane. It’s going to save me.

May

Sunday	Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday	Thursday	Friday	Saturday
Annual May events Bring on the night party				1	2	3
4	5	6	7	8	9	10 1916 - The James Caird lands on the south coast of South Georgia Island
11	12	13	14	15	16	17
18	19 1916 - Shackleton, Worsley and Crean cross South Georgia Island	20	21	22	23	24
25	26 Memorial Day	27	28	29	30	31

Ice Cloud

By Joe Masroianni

“Mac Ops on Mt. Aurora.”

The cold subsided. Pressure lifted from his chest. His hands and feet stopped hurting. There was only the lump of dead hand warmers in his gloves and boots.

Gail would get the car. He saw it in her eyes when he left her in the airport, and he could read between the lines in her messages. She wasn't asking for the lawyer's address to send him the papers, she was negotiating for the car.

Damn. That was Robert's car. If only he could find the radio. He would call Mac Ops and tell them to stop goddamned Gail.

“... Mt. Aurora.”

Before he left the hut they told him walk west and he'd be okay, around the nose of the glacier.

Then the glacier disappeared into a cloud. The landscape was gone. The wind stuck its fingers through gaps in his ECWs.

He thought about Gail while he walked, her green eyes. How many times had she said she loved him? Lots of years. Lots of time. Not anymore.

He pulled his zippers as high as they would go, tightened the hood until he could only see a circle of



Swirling snow

Photo by Zee Evans, PM shop forewoman, McMurdo Station (photo taken while at Palmer Station)

light, and kept going.

Until the wind got so strong it was hard to move. Then he hid behind the boulders.

He should drink or eat. Move. Anything to get warm. But he was-n't cold anymore.

“J.T.”

The radio kept going off. He felt for it. His hand moved in his

mind, but when he looked down, it lay still like a part of the landscape. Gone.

Not that the radio would make any difference. Nobody could find him in this storm.

The cloud that ate the mountain was upon him. He felt sharp particles of ice against his cheeks.

Then that was gone too.

August

Sunday	Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday	Thursday	Friday	Saturday
Annual August events Here Comes the Sun Party Ordering complete for vessel Winfly begins					1 1914 - Ernest Shackleton begins his epic journey aboard the <i>Endurance</i> .	2
3	4	5	6 1901 - Robert Scott's <i>Discovery</i> expedition sets off	7 1907 - Shackleton's <i>Nimrod</i> expedition sets off	8	9
10	11	12	13	14	15	16
17	18	19	20	21	22	23
24	25	26	27	28	29	30 1916 - Shackleton rescues his crew of 22 men on Elephant Island
31						



Hot Day on Torgy Photo by Cara Sucher, laboratory operations, Palmer Station
(Adelie penguin chicks on Torgersen Island)

I refuse to go jogging with penguins

By Karen Joyce, McMurdo Station

I refuse to go jogging with penguins.
They insist upon changing directions.
All that sprinting and stopping
And preening and flopping
We'll never get anywhere, hopping.

And then there's the Antarctic Treaty.
Yes I know that this isn't Tahiti.
Our species must never
Disturb or endeavour
To jog with the locals. A pity.

No, penguins make poor running mates.
When choosing a partner, a penguin equates
To picking a man with a soccerball belly
Stubby little legs and a body like jelly.
If I could find no one else, I suppose they would do
But where would I find them a good Nike shoe?

June

Sunday	Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday	Thursday	Friday	Saturday
1	2	3	4	5	6 <div>1868 - Robert Scott is born near Plymouth, England</div>	7
8	9	10	11	12	13	14
15	16	17	18 <div>1928 - Amundsen believed to have died somewhere in the Arctic</div>	19	20	21 <div>Solstice mid-winter celebration</div>
22	23 <div>1961- Antarctic Treaty enters into force</div>	24	25	26	27	28
29	30				Annual June events Gong Show	



Penguins porpoising

Photo by Laura Hamilton, painter apprentice, Palmer Station

A white desert

By Tom Piwowarski, South Pole

A white desert
Is a forest of wind,
An ocean of drought,
A prospect of terror.
As is a desert
Tinted brown.

This poem was added as an editor's choice to fill out the 13-month calendar

July

Sunday	Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday	Thursday	Friday	Saturday
		1	2	3	4 Independence Day	5
6	7	8	9	10	11	12
13	14	15	16 1872 - Roald Amundsen is born	17	18	19
21	21 1983 - Coldest temperature recorded on Earth, -129.3F, at Vostok Station	22	23	24	25	26
27	28	29	30	31	Annual July Events Fourth of July Party Mid-winter sprint to Scott Hut	